ESARHADDON

AND OTHER TALES

LEO TOLSTOY

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By LEO TOLSTOY

Translated by
LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE
with an
Introduction Containing Letters by Tolstoy

Written and translated for the benefit of
the Jews impoverished by riots in
Kishinef and Gomel

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INTRODUCTION

TERRIBLE outbreaks of anti-Jewish feeling, more or less connived at by the authorities, have led to many Jews being killed and many more being left destitute, first at Kishinef, and later on at Gomel, during the present year.

The three tales, allegories, or legends, included in this publication, have been contributed by Tolstoy for the benefit of the sufferers. They were intended, in the first place, for publication in a Miscellany which was projected for the

benefit of the Jewish sufferers by a talented Jewish writer, S. N. Rabinóvitch, better known in Russia under his pseudonym of Schalem Meichem. In order, however, to obtain as much as possible, it was subsequently arranged to publish them simultaneously in several languages.

The following letters from Tolstoy to S. N. Rabinóvitch tell their own tale:

"The terrible crime committed in Kishinef has astonished and pained me. I have in part expressed my attitude to this shameful business in a letter addressed to a Jewish acquaintance of mine, of which I en-

close a copy. A few days ago we sent from Moscow a collective letter to the Mayor of Kishinef, expressing our feeling about this terrible affair.

"I shall be very glad to contribute to your Jewish Miscellany, and I will try to write something suitable to the circumstances.

"Unfortunately, what I most wish to say, namely, that the guilt—not only of the Kishinef horrors, but of all the discord apparent in a certain small part (not the peasants) of the Russian people—lies solely with the Government. But that is just what I may not say in any publication printed in Russia.

"Yásnaya Polyána,
"6 May, o.s., 1903."

The following is the letter to a Jewish friend referred to in the preceding:

"I have received your letter, and I receive many such. The writers all, like you, demand of me the expression of an opinion about the Kishinef events. But I think that some misunderstanding underlies these appeals. It is thought that my voice carries weight, and a demand is therefore made that I should express my opinion about occurrences so important, and having such complex causes, as this Kishinef crime. The mistake lies in expecting of me the activity of a publicist, whereas I am a man entirely occupied with one very definite question, having nothing in com-

mon with current events—namely, the question of religion and its application to life. To demand of me a public expression of opinion on contemporary events, is as unjustifiable as to demand it of any more or less well-known specialist. I may, and do, utilize some event of the day to illustrate a thought I may be dealing with; but to express opinions as a publicist on all contemporary events—even tho they be very important—would be impossible for me, even if I considered it desirable to do so. Were I to attempt it, I should have to express immature and commonplace opinions, and to repeat what others have already said; then, obviously, the importance that people attribute to my opinions, and that makes them

direct their demands to me, would not exist.

"As to the Jews and the terrible Kishinef events, my relation to them must, I think, be apparent to all who are interested in my view of life.

"My relation to the Jews can not be other than as toward brothers, whom I love, not because they are Jews, but because we and they are all sons of one father—God; and this love needs no effort on my part, for I have met and am acquainted with very excellent members of the Jewish race.

"My attitude toward the Kishinef crime, also, is naturally defined by my religious outlook on life. Even before I had heard all the terrible details which I afterward learned—

from the first mention in the newspapers—I understood the horror of what had happened, and experienced the depressing and mixed feeling of pity for the innocent victims of the mob's brutality, consternation at such brutality on the part of people supposed to be Christians, a feeling of aversion and loathing toward the so-called educated people who incited the crowd and sympathized with its conduct, and, above all, abhorrence of the real culprit in the whole matter, namely, our Government, with its priesthood which stupefies the people and makes fanatics of them, and its robber band of officials. The Kishinef crime is merely a direct consequence of the propaganda of lies and violence carried on with such intensity and such in-

sistence by the Russian Government.

"The attitude of the Government to this event is only a fresh proof of its coarse egotism, which does not stop at any cruelties when repressing a movement it thinks dangerous; and of its complete indifference (comparable to the indifference of the Turkish Government to the Armenian massacres) to the most terrible cruelties, so long as its own interests are not involved.

"That is all I could say about the Kishinef affair, and I have said it all long ago.

"If you ask me, further: How I think the Jews should act? my reply is again one which flows naturally from that Christian teaching which I try to understand and to follow.

Introduction

"The Jews, like all men, need but one thing for their welfare: to follow in life, to the greatest possible extent, the universal rule of doing to others as you wish them to do to you; and to resist the Government, not by violence (that method should be abandoned to the Government), but by a good life, excluding not only all violence toward one's neighbor, but all participation in violence, and all utilization for one's own advantage of the organs of violence instituted by Government.

"That is all—and it is very old and well known—that I have to say about the terrible Kishinef occurrences.

"Yásnaya Polyána,
"27 April, o.s., 1903."

The next is again a letter to the editor of the Miscellany:

"I send you *Three Tales*, to be translated into Yiddish and printed in the Jewish Miscellany which you are publishing to aid the Jews who suffered in Kishinef.

"I shall be very pleased if these tales at all help the success of that publication.

"With much respect, and every wish to aid.

"Yásnaya Polyána,
"20 August, o.s., 1903."

The following is part of another letter from Tolstoy to the same editor:

"I am of course very pleased that non-Jewish editions should in any

degree increase the help obtainable for the sufferers. But I can not depart from the rule I have laid down for myself once for all, namely, to let everybody freely print what they like of my writings. I therefore give in aid of the sufferers only what I can give: the right of first publication. . . . Do not send me any proofs, or else I am afraid I shall let the temptation to correct run away with me, and shall delay your publication.

"Yásnaya Polyána,
"7 September, o.s., 1903."

With reference to this question of Tolstoy's repudiation of all rights in his publications after they have once been published, it may be well

to reproduce what I have already said in the Preface to the "Revised Edition" of *Sevastopol and Other Military Tales.*

"Tolstoy himself wants nothing for his works, and, when the Russian original has once been printed, he allows any one to reprint it, translate it, or re-translate it into any language. The translators have, of course, a right to their own versions; and in how far they, like Tolstoy, may be prepared to forego payment or protection of their work, is a question of conscience which will be decided variously, according to the needs, views, and circumstances of the individuals concerned."

Introduction

The present translators, having in view the publication of a revised translation of Tolstoy's works in English, do not wish to abandon control of their versions. But they will devote any profits that may accrue from the present publication to the relief of the suffering Russian Jews.

In the first of these tales Tolstoy has used the names of real people. Esarhaddon (or Assur-akhi-iddina) is mentioned three times in the Bible (2 Kings xix. 37; Isa. xxxvii. 38, and Ezra iv. 2), and is also alluded to in 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11, as "the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him

with fetters, and carried him to Babylon." His son Assur-bani-pal, whom he promoted to power before his own death, is once mentioned in the Bible, under the name of Asnapper (Ezra iv. 10). Of Lailie history does not tell us much; but in Ernest A. Budge's *History of Esarhaddon* we read: "A king, called Lailie, asked that the gods which Esarhaddon had captured from him might be restored. His request was granted, and Esarhaddon says, 'I spoke to him of brotherhood, and entrusted to him the sovereignty of the district of Bazu.'"

AYLMER MAUDE.

PREFACE

THE idea of the tale *Esarhaddon, King of Assyria*, is not my own, but was borrowed by me from a tale by an anonymous author, printed in the German magazine *Theosophischer Wegweiser*, No. 5, 1903, and entitled *Das bist Du*.

With reference to the tale *Three Questions*, an explanation of an opposite kind is needful. There is a story by Leskóf on the same theme, and it might be supposed that I had borrowed the fundamental thought from him. In reality, however, it is one which was expressed and pub-

lished by me (in the *Flower Garden*, published by the *Mediator*) fifteen years ago. It pleased Leskóf, and he, with my consent, made use of it.

LEO TOLSTOY.

Yásnaya Polyána,
25 August, 1903.

ESARHADDON, KING OF ASSYRIA

THE Assyrian King Esarhaddon conquered the kingdom of King Lailie, destroyed and burnt all the towns, took all the inhabitants captive to his own country, slaughtered the warriors, and kept King Lailie himself in a cage.

Lying on his bed at night, King Esarhaddon thought how best to execute Lailie, when suddenly he heard a rustling near his bed, and, opening his eyes, saw an old man with a long gray beard and mild eyes.

"You wish to execute Lailie?" asked the old man.

"Yes," answered the king. "But I can not decide how to execute him."

"But Lailie—is yourself," said the old man.

"That's not true," replied the king. "I am I, and Lailie is Lailie."

"You and Lailie are one," said the old man. "It only seems to you that you are not Lailie, and that Lailie is not you."

"What do you mean by 'it only seems'?" said the king. "Here am I, lying on a soft bed; around me are obedient men-slaves and

women-slaves, and to-morrow I shall feast with my friends as I did to-day; while Lailie will sit like a bird in a cage, and to-morrow he will be impaled, and with his tongue hanging out will wriggle till he dies, and his body will be torn in pieces by dogs."

"You can not destroy his life," said the old man.

"And how about the fourteen thousand warriors I killed, and with whose bodies I built a mound?" said the king. "I am alive, but they no longer exist: that shows that I can destroy life."

"How do you know they no longer exist?"

"Because I do not see them. And the chief thing is, that they were tormented, but I was not. It was bad for them, but well for me."

"That, also, only seems so to you. You tortured yourself, but not them."

"I do not understand," said the king.

"Do you wish to understand?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then come here," said the old man, pointing to a large font full of water.

The king rose and approached the font.

"Strip, and enter the font."

Esarhaddon did as the old man bade him.

"Now, as soon as I begin to pour this water over you," said the old man, scooping up water into a jug, "dip your head under water."

The old man tilted the jug over the king's head, and the king dipped his head under water.

And as soon as King Esarhaddon dipped under water, he felt that he was no longer Esarhaddon, but some one else. And, feeling himself to be that other man, he saw himself lying on a rich bed, beside a handsome woman. He had never seen her before, but he knew that

she was his wife. The woman raised herself and said to him:

"Dear husband Lailie, you were wearied by yesterday's work, and have slept longer than usual, and I have guarded your rest and have not roused you. But now the princes await you in the Great Hall. Dress and go out to them."

And Esarhaddon—understanding from these words that he is Lailie, and not feeling at all surprised at this, but only wondering that he did not know it before—rises, dresses, and goes into the Great Hall where the princes await him.

The princes greet their King

Lailie, bowing to the ground, and then they rise, and at his word sit down before him; and the eldest of the princes begins to speak, and says that it is impossible longer to endure all the insults of the wicked King Esarhaddon, and that they must make war on him. But Lailie disagrees with him, and gives orders that envoys shall be sent to Esarhaddon to remonstrate with him; and he dismisses the princes from the audience. Afterward he appoints men of note to act as ambassadors, and impresses on them what they are to say to King Esarhaddon. Having finished this business, Esarhaddon—feeling that he

is Lailie—rides out to hunt wild asses. The hunt is successful. He kills two wild asses himself, and, having returned home, feasts with his friends, and watches a dance of slave girls. The next day he goes into the courtyard, where he is awaited by petitioners, suitors, and prisoners brought for trial; and there he decides the cases submitted to him. Having finished this business, he again rides out for his favorite amusement, hunting. And again he is successful: this time personally killing an old lioness and taking her two cubs. After the hunt he again feasts with his friends, and is entertained with music and

dances, and the night he spends with the wife he loves.

So he lives for days and weeks, awaiting the return of the ambassadors he had sent to that King Esarhaddon—who used to be himself. The ambassadors only return after a month has passed, and they return with their noses and ears cut off.

King Esarhaddon had ordered them to tell Lailie that what had been done to them—his ambassadors—would be done to him also, unless he immediately sent a certain tribute of silver, gold, and cypress-wood, and unless he came himself to make obeisance to him.

Lailie, formerly Esarhaddon,

again assembles the princes, and consults them as to what he should do. They all, with one accord, say that it is necessary to make war against Esarhaddon without waiting for him to attack them. The king agrees, and, taking his place at the head of the army, he starts on the campaign. The campaign lasts seven days. Each day the king rides round the army, and rouses the courage of his warriors. On the eighth day his army meets Esarhaddon's army in a broad valley, by the side of a river. Lailie's army fights bravely, but Lailie, formerly Esarhaddon, sees that the enemy swarm down from the mountains like ants,

overrunning the valley and overwhelming his army; and in his chariot he flings himself into the midst of the battle, hewing and felling the enemy. But the warriors of Lailie are but as hundreds, while those of Esarhaddon are as thousands; and Lailie feels he is wounded, and that they have taken him prisoner. Nine days he (with other captives) travels, bound, and guarded by the warriors of Esarhaddon. On the tenth day he is brought to Nineveh and placed in a cage. Lailie suffers less from hunger and from his wound than from shame and impotent anger. He feels how impotent he is to avenge himself on his enemy for all

that he suffers. The one thing he can do is not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing his sufferings; and he firmly resolves to endure courageously, without a murmur, all they can do to him. For twenty days he sits in his cage, awaiting execution. He sees his relations and friends led to death; he hears the groans of those who are executed: some have their hands and feet cut off, others are flayed alive, but he shows neither disquietude, nor pity, nor fear. He sees the wife he loved, bound, and led away by eunuchs. He knows she is being taken as a slave to Esarhaddon. And he bears that, too, without a murmur. But

now two executioners open his cage door, and having strapped his arms tight behind him, lead him to the place of execution, which is soaked with blood. Lailie sees a sharp stake dripping with blood, from which the corpse of one of his friends has just been torn, and he understands that this has been done that the stake may serve for his own execution. They strip Lailie of his clothes. He is startled at the leanness of his once strong, handsome body. The two executioners seize that body by its lean thighs; they lift him up and are about to let him fall upon the stake.

"This is death, destruction!"

thinks Lailie, and, forgetful of his decision to remain bravely calm to the end, he sobs and prays for mercy. But no one listens to him.

"But this can not be," thinks he. "Surely I am asleep. It is a dream." And he makes an effort to rouse himself. "Surely I am not Lailie, but Esarhaddon."

"You are indeed Lailie and also Esarhaddon," declares a voice, and he feels that his execution has begun. He cries out, and at the same moment lifts his head out of the font. . . . The old man stands over him, pouring on to his head the last drops from the jug.

"Oh, how terribly I have suf-

fered, and for how long!" said Esarhaddon.

"Long?" replied the old man; "you have only dipped your head under water and lifted it again; see, the water is not yet all out of the jug. Have you now understood?"

Esarhaddon did not reply, but only looked at the old man with terror.

"Have you now understood," continued the old man, "that Lailie is you, and the warriors you put to death were you also? And not the warriors only, but the animals you slew when hunting and ate at your feasts were also you. You thought life dwelt in you alone, but I have

drawn aside the veil of the delusion, and have let you see that by doing evil to others you have done it to yourself also. Life is one in them all, and you have in yourself but a portion of this common life. And only in that one part of life that is in you can you make life better or worse—can you increase or decrease it. You can only improve life in yourself by destroying the barriers that divide your life from that of others, and by considering others as yourself, and loving them. To destroy the life that dwells in others is beyond your power. The life of those you have slain has vanished from your eyes, but is not destroyed.

You thought to lengthen your own life and to shorten theirs, but you can not do this. Life knows neither time nor space. The life of a moment, and the life of a thousand years, your life, and the life of all the visible and invisible beings in the world, are equal. To destroy life, or to alter it, is impossible; for life is the one thing that exists. All else but seems to us to be."

Having said this the old man vanished.

Next morning King Esarhaddon gave orders that Lailie and all the prisoners should be set at liberty, and that the executions should cease.

On the third day he called his son Assur-bani-pal, and gave the kingdom over into his hands; and he himself went into the desert to think over what he had learnt. Afterward he began to go about as a wanderer through the towns and villages, preaching to the people that all life is one, and that men only harm themselves when they wish to do evil to others.

WORK, DEATH, AND SICKNESS

THIS is a legend current among the South American Indians.

God, say they, at first made men so that they had no need to work: they wanted neither houses, nor clothes, nor food, and they all lived till they were a hundred, and did not know what illness was.

When, after some time, God looked to see how people were living, he saw that, instead of being happy in their life, they had quarreled with one another, and, each

caring for himself, had brought matters to such a pass that far from enjoying life they cursed it.

Then God said to himself, "This comes of their living separately, each for himself." And to change this state of things, God so arranged matters that it became impossible for people to live without working. To avoid suffering from cold and hunger, they were now obliged to build dwellings, and to dig the ground, and to grow and gather fruits and grain.

"Work will bring them together," thought God. "They can not make their tools, and sow and gather their harvests, and spin and weave, and

make their clothes, each one by himself.

"It will make them understand that the more heartily they work together the more they will obtain, and the better they will live; and this will unite them."

Time passed on, and again God came to see how men were living, and whether they were now happy.

But he found them living worse than before. They worked together (that they could not help), but not all together, having broken up into little groups. And each group tried to snatch work from another group, and they hindered one another, wasting time and strength in their

struggles, so that things went ill with them all.

Having seen that this, too, was not well, God decided so to arrange things that man should not know the time of his death, but might die at any moment; and he announced this to them.

"Knowing that each of them may die at any moment," thought God, "they will not, by grasping at gains in a life that may end so soon, spoil the hours of life that are allotted to them."

But it turned out otherwise. When God returned to see how people were living, he saw that their life was as bad as ever.

Those who were strongest, availing themselves of the fact that men might die at any time, subdued those who were weaker, killing some and threatening others. And it came about that only the strongest and their descendants did no work, and suffered from the weariness of idleness, while those who were weaker had to work beyond their strength, and suffered from lack of rest. Each set of men feared and hated the other. And the life of man became yet more unhappy.

Having seen all this, God, to mend matters, decided to make use of one last means: he sent sickness of all kinds among men. God

thought that when all men were exposed to sickness they would understand that those who are well should have pity on those who are sick, and should help them, that when they themselves fall ill, those who are well may in turn help them.

And again God went away, but when he came back to see how men lived now that they were subject to sicknesses, he saw that their life was worse even than before. The very sickness that in God's purpose should have united men, had divided them more than ever. Those men who were strong enough to make others work, forced them also to attend to them in times of

sickness, but did not, in their turn, look after other sick people. And those who were forced to work for others and to look after the sick, were so worn out with work that they had no time to look after their own sick, but left them without attendance. Moreover, people considered many of the illnesses infectious, and, fearing to catch them, they not only did not draw nearer to the sick, but even separated themselves from those who attended the sick.

Then God said to himself: "If even this means will not bring men to understand wherein their happiness lies, let them be brought to it

by their sufferings." And God left men to themselves.

And, left to themselves, men lived long before they understood that they could and should be happy. Only in the very latest times a few of them have begun to understand that work ought not to be a bugbear for some and like galley-slavery for others, but should be a common and happy occupation, uniting all men. They have begun to understand, that, with death constantly threatening each of us, the only reasonable business of every man is to spend the years, months, hours, and minutes allotted him in unity and love. They have begun to under-

stand that sickness, far from dividing men, should, on the contrary, give opportunity for loving union with one another.

THREE QUESTIONS

IT once occurred to a certain king, that, if he always knew the right time to begin everything, if he knew who were the right people to attend to and whom to avoid, and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in any of his undertakings.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his dominions that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him how to know the right time for every action,

and who were the most necessary people, and how to be sure what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the king, but they all gave different answers to his questions.

In reply to the first question, some said that, to know the right time for every action, one must draw up, in advance, a table of the days, months, and years — and strictly follow this table. Only thus, said they, could everything be done at its proper time. Others declared that it was impossible to decide beforehand the right time for every action; but, not letting oneself be absorbed in idle pastimes,

one should always attend to all that goes on, and then do what is most needful. Others, again, said that, however attentive the king might be to what was going on, it was impossible for one man to decide correctly the right time for every action, but that he should have a council of wise men, who would help him to fix the proper time for everything.

But then, again, others said, there were some things which could not wait to be laid before a council, but about which one had to decide at once whether to undertake them or not. But to decide thus, one must know beforehand what is go-

ing to happen. Only magicians could know that; and, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action, one must consult the magicians.

Equally various were the answers to the second question. Some said, the people the king most needed were his councilors; others, that those most needed were the priests; others, that he needed the doctors most; while some said that the warriors were the most necessary.

To the third question, as to what was the most important occupation, some replied that the most important thing in the world was science. Others said it was skill in warfare,

and others again, that it was religious worship.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to no one. But, in order to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood, never went out anywhere, and received only common folk. So the king put on simple clothes, and, before reaching the hermit's cell, dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the

hermit was digging some beds in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was thin and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said:

"I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer me three questions: What time must one use and not neglect, lest one repent it? Who are the people one most needs, and, therefore, to whom should one pay most attention? and, What affairs are the most important, and should be first attended to?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing; he just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king; "let me have the spade: I'll work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said:

"Now rest awhile. Let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him

the spade, and continued digging. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last struck his spade into the ground and said:

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will go home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit; "let us see who it is."

The king turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his stomach with his hands, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, the runner

fell fainting on the ground and only moaned feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with the hermit's towel. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again removed the bandage soaked with warm blood, and washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased to flow, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had quite set, and it grew cool. So the

king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the king was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep —so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could make out where he was, or who was that strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with glittering eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw

that the king was awake and looking at him.

"I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for," said the king.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed my brother and seized my property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to discover where you were, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me and wounded me. I ran

away from them, but I should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked round for the hermit. Before going away he

wished once more to ask for an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing vegetable seeds in the beds that had been dug before.

The king approached him, and said:

"For the last time, I beg you to answer my questions, wise man."

"Why, you have been answered," said the hermit, crouching on his thin legs and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"Answered? What do you mean?" asked the king.

"Why, of course," replied the hermit, "if you had not pitied my weakness yesterday and dug these

beds for me, but had gone back alone, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterward, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then:

there is only one time that is important—*now*. It is the most important time, because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is *he with whom you are*, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else: and the most important affair is, *to do him good*, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life."

LEO TOLSTOY.

Yásnaya Polyána,
19 August, o.s., 1903.